

CALLING
ALL
BOYS

SEPTEMBER 1947 No. 13 10¢

CALLING ALL BOYS

**TEX
GRANGER**
IN
RUSTLERS'
ROUNDUP

**PERILS
OF
PAULINE**

BOYS' HERO OF THE MONTH



BING CROSBY

STREAKY SMITH

RACES AGAINST DEATH!



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM



Bing Crosby has won everything from the Eisenhower Medal to moviedom's prized Oscar. The awards he treasures most, though, are the respect and admiration he has won from his own sons and boys like them everywhere.

This high regard comes from much more than being a top-notch singer and movie and radio personality. Just ask his four sons. To Dennis and Philip, twins, and Lindsay and Gary, left, pop is an all-around guy. He cycles, swims, golfs, plays tennis with them and—yes, he even tells them bed-time stories. What's more, his family life is kept private, a remarkable feat in Hollywood.

Another reason for this esteem is Der Bingle's fight for good clean entertainment. Like any other father, he wants his sons to see and hear quality shows. In his work in movies, radio and recording, therefore, he does his best to give them, and in the bargain all boys, just that. Do the four criticize their old man? You bet. Bing doesn't mind, though. It's an easy way to find out what younger theatre-goers like.



Bing might have been a great baseball player if he hadn't had an accident in his late teens.

Christened Harry Lillis Crosby, the young athlete saw his hopes dissolve when he cut both legs at a lumber camp. The only alternative was studying law at Gonzaga University.

Bing, however, soon began studying sheet music more than deeds and contracts. With a friend he started a dance band which was immediately successful. Bing himself played the traps and sang.

In 1927 Paul Whiteman gave him his big break as one of his Rhythm Boys. With his inimitable voice, easy style and "Boo-boo-boo-boo"ing it was one step to fame as a radio and recording star. A doctor once found that he owed his unusual voice to nodules—small lumps—on his vocal cords. For safety's sake, Bing had them insured for \$100,000.

Movie hits like "Pennies From Heaven," "Road to Zanzibar" and "Going My Way" proved he was also a good comedian and a serious actor. Above is scene from Bing's newest Paramount film, "Welcome Stranger," in which he is a doctor.

For not letting his career interfere with his family life, for his high standards and endless fine performances, CALLING ALL BOYS votes Bing Crosby Boys' Hero Of The Month!

STREAKY SMITH

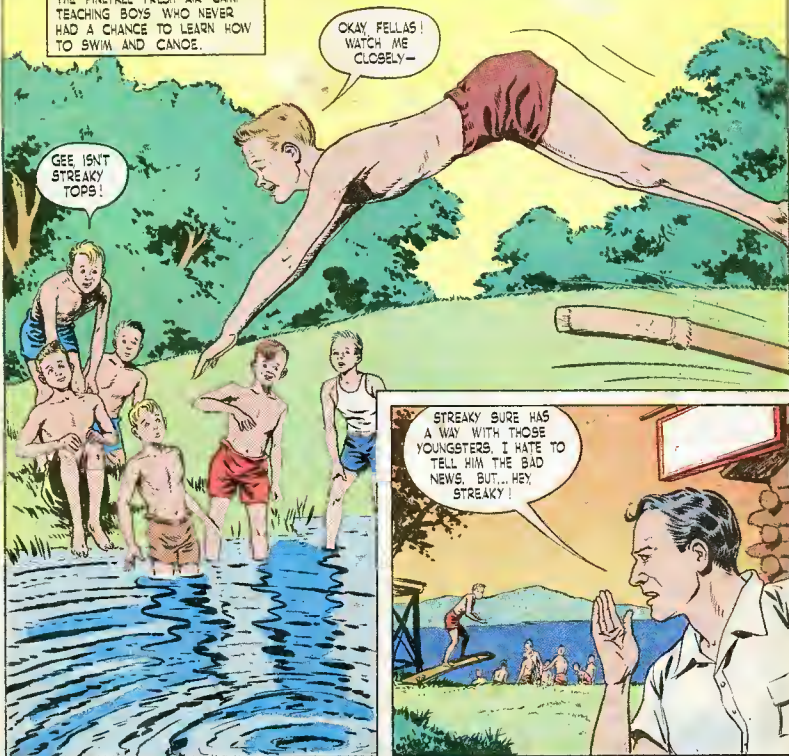
OF ESSEX HIGH

RACES AGAINST DEATH

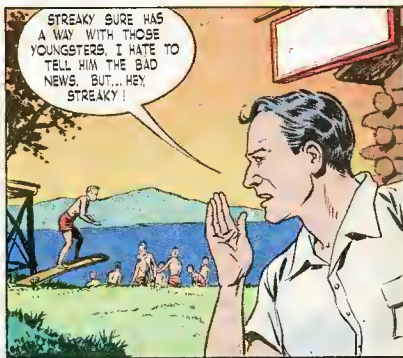
STREAKY IS A COUNSELOR AT THE PINETREE FRESH AIR CAMP—TEACHING BOYS WHO NEVER HAD A CHANCE TO LEARN HOW TO SWIM AND CANOE.

GEE ISN'T STREAKY TOPS!

OKAY FELLAS! WATCH ME CLOSELY—



STREAKY SURE HAS A WAY WITH THOSE YOUNGSTERS. I HATE TO TELL HIM THE BAD NEWS. BUT...HEY, STREAKY!



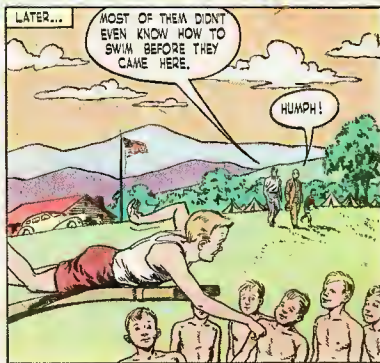
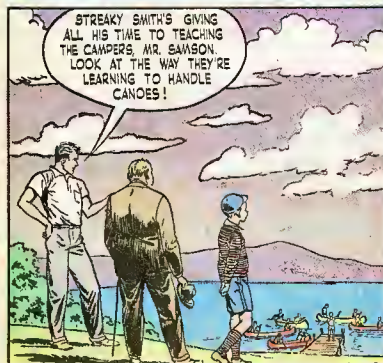
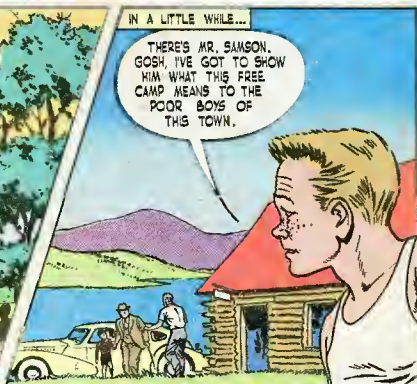
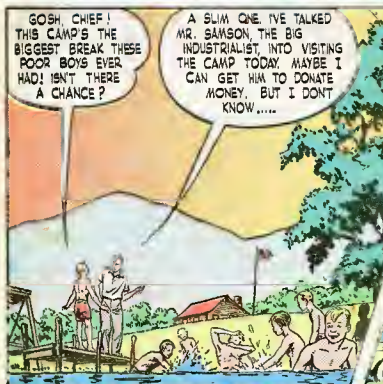
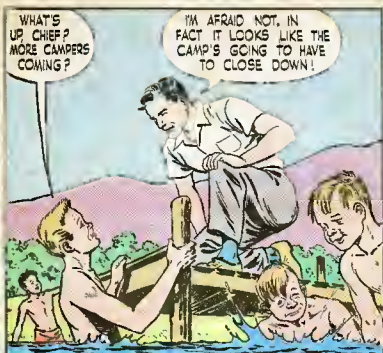
CALLING ALL BOYS

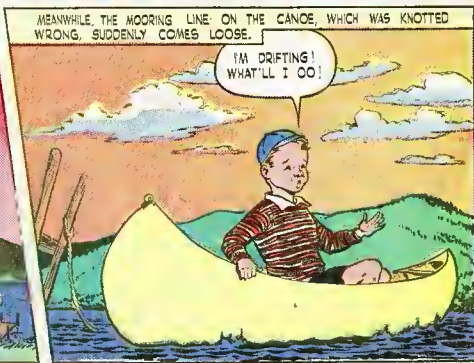
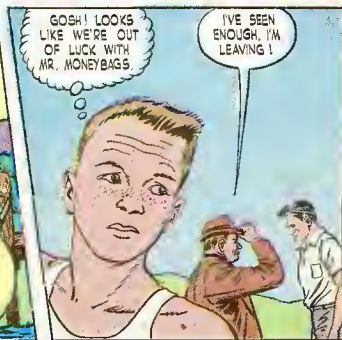
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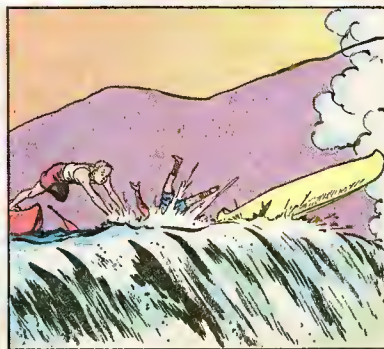
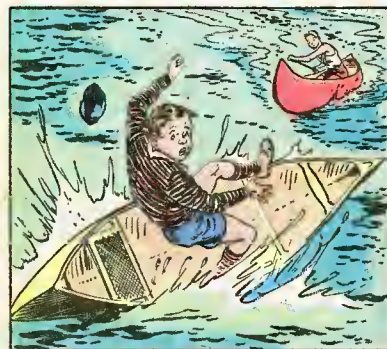
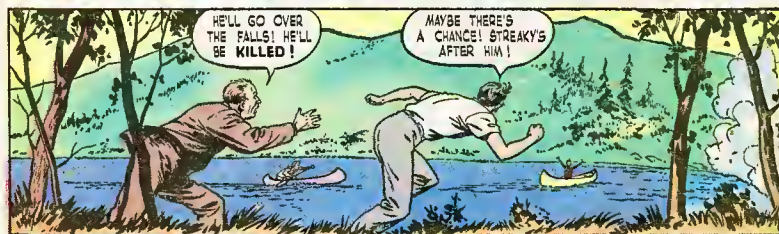
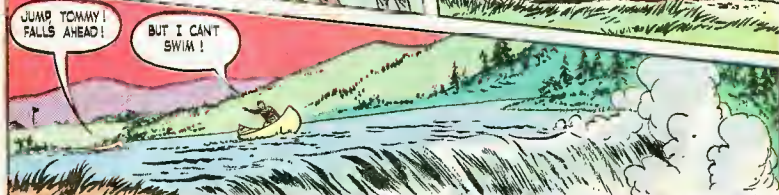
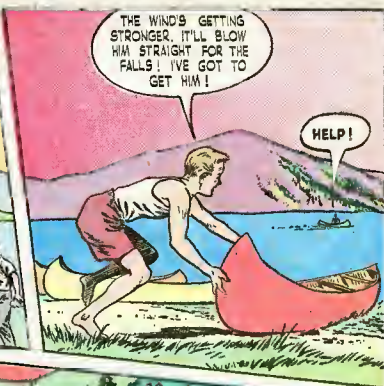
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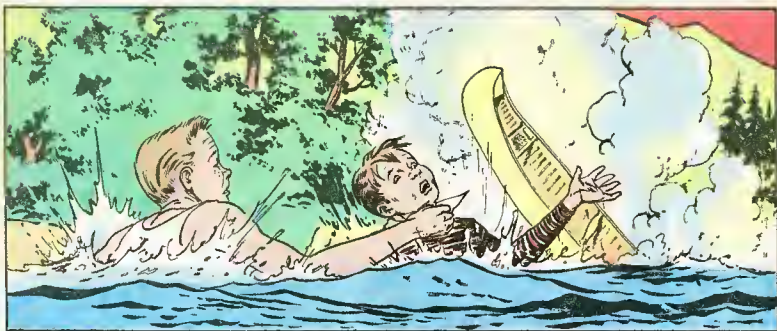
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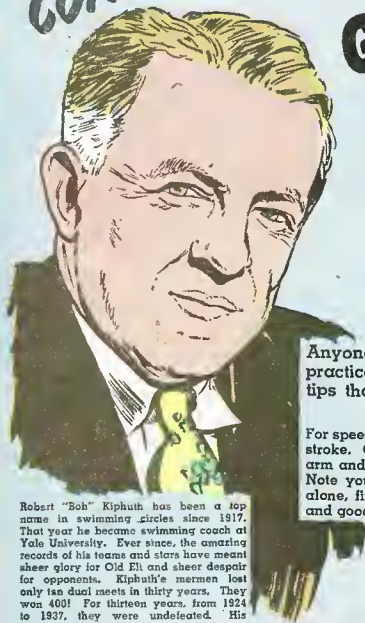






COACH'S CORNER

GET IN THE SWIM!



Robert "Bob" Kiputh has been a top name in swimming circles since 1917. That year he became swimming coach at Yale University. Ever since, the amazing records of his teams and stars have meant sheer glory for Old Eli and sheer despair for opponents. Kiputh's mermen lost only ten dual meets in thirty years. They won 400! For thirteen years, from 1924 to 1937, they were undefeated. His greatest stars included Howie Johnson, Rene Chouteau and Alan Ford, present holder of the world's 100-yard and 100-meter free-style titles. In addition, he has coached three American Olympic teams. Although fond of swimming for fun, Kiputh never has swum in competition.

By ROBERT KIPUTH

Director of Athletics and
Coach of the Swimming
Team, Yale University

Anyone can swim. But it takes know-how and practice to swim well. Here's a famous coach with tips that will come in handy these summer days

For speed and ease in the water, the crawl is the most practical stroke. Concentrate on it. Compare your position in the water, arm and leg motions and breathing, with the sketches below. Note your mistakes. Then keep practicing, first each phase alone, finally, all together. Get in trim with plenty of sleep and good food. It's easy—and much more fun—to swim well!



Correct position in the water is the first step toward a good crawl. Your body should be face down with the water line just above the eyes. Keep your hips high. You'll get up speed by whipping your legs and feet up and down slightly underwater. For every full arm stroke, right and left, kick downward six times.



This position, with the arm just about to catch the water and start pulling down, is very important to perfect. The catch sets up the pull, and the pull, of course, gives you half your speed. Note that the reach is done comfortably. Keep your shoulder well up, and your elbow slightly bent and higher than the wrist. Also, see that your arm enters the water neither too wide of the body nor across it.

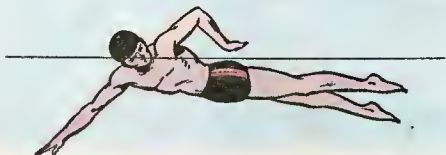


Here's where the crawl comes in, boys. Right at the catch, press down on the water as if you were really crawling over it. Then pull downward and backward, keeping a grip on the water all the time.

Breathing can ruin your form unless you keep your shoulders as flat as possible. Take in air through your mouth after the catch of either arm. Exhale underwater.

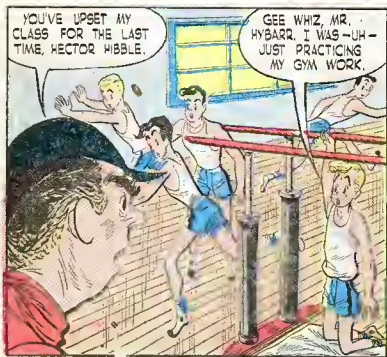


The pull through the water ends with the arm straight and level with the thigh. Think of the whole action as a pressing, pulling and then pushing, at the end of the stroke, to get into catch position again.



In the push, bend your elbow quickly above the water with your hand coming into line with your head. Then extend your elbow until you're in position one again. Each arm does these steps, of course. That's all there is to it fellows!

HECTOR



LATER...

GOLLY, NANCY—I CAN'T AFFORD TO FLUNK GYM.

WHY NOT?



I'M COUNTING ON IT TO BOLSTER MY MARKS IN HISTORY, ENGLISH, MATH AND LATIN.



YOU DON'T HAVE TO FLUNK, DO YOU? WHY COULDN'T YOU PRACTICE UP AT HOME OR SOMETHING...

HEY! THAT'S A GREAT IDEA!

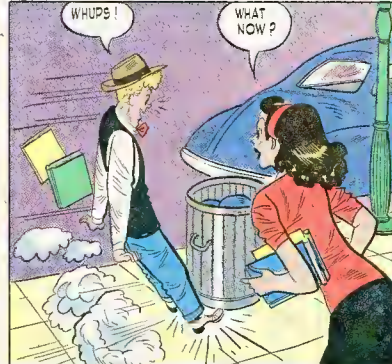


C'MON! WE'LL BUILD A GYM AT MY HOUSE



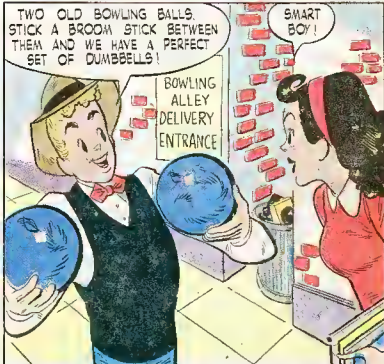
WHUPS!

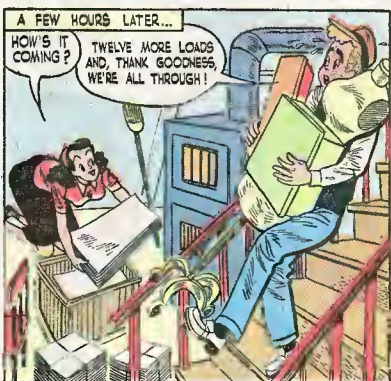
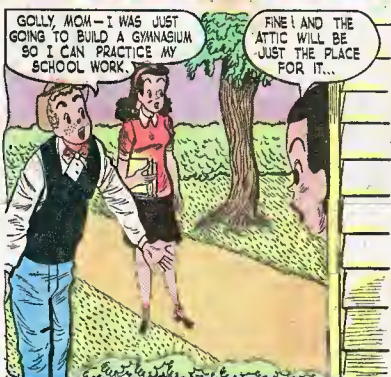
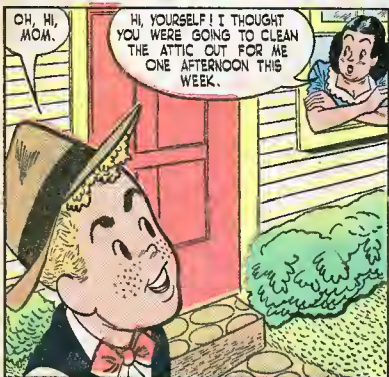
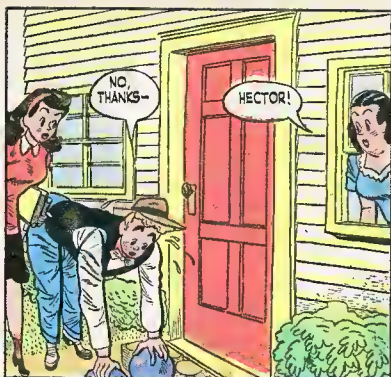
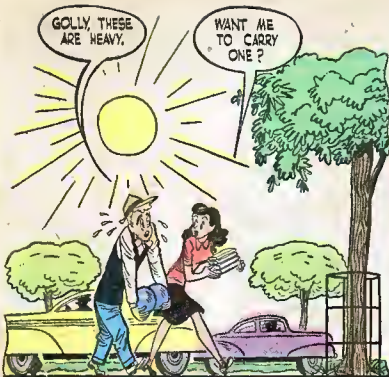
WHAT NOW?

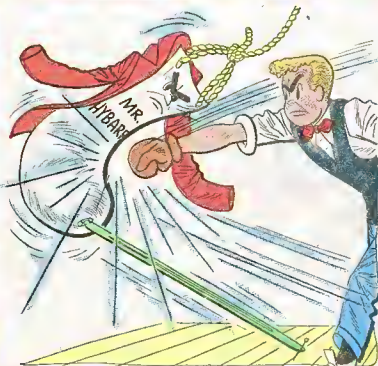
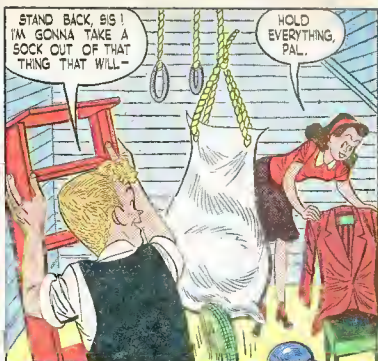


TWO OLD BOWLING BALLS. STICK A BROOM STICK BETWEEN THEM AND WE HAVE A PERFECT SET OF DUMBBELLS!

SMART BOY!







NEXT DAY...

GIRLS' GYM

GYM PERIOD, HECTOR. THINK YOU KNOW YOUR STUFF?

PERFECTLY. I'VE BEEN PRACTICING SINCE EARLY THIS MORNING.

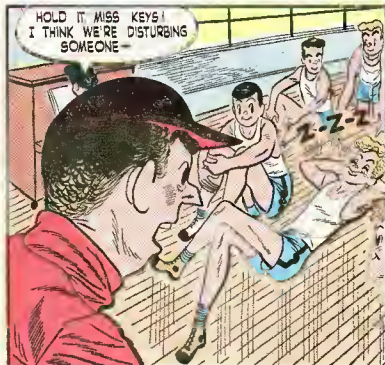


AND A FEW MINUTES LATER...

ON YOUR BACKS, EVERYBODY. NOW—RAISE YOUR LEGS IN TIME TO THE MUSIC. ONE! TWO—THREE—FOUR! ONE! TWO—

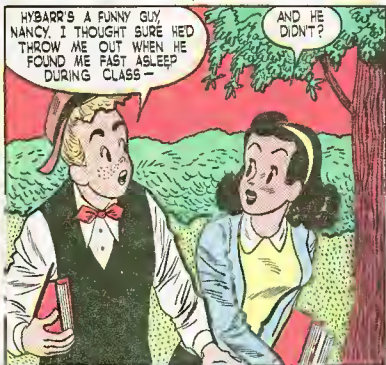


HOLD IT MISS KEYS! I THINK WE'RE DISTURBING SOMEONE—



HYBARR'S A FUNNY GUY, NANCY. I THOUGHT SURE HED THROW ME OUT WHEN HE FOUND ME FAST ASLEEP DURING CLASS—

AND HE DIDN'T?



NOW! HE PROMISED TO PASS ME—ON ONE CONDITION.

WHAT'S THAT?



—THAT I KEEP OUT OF HIS HAIR BY FALLING ASLEEP IN CLASS EVERY DAY!



Perils of PAULINE

ADAPTED FROM THE
MOTION PICTURE, STARRING
BETTY HUTTON AS
PEARL WHITE

PEARL WHITE, QUEEN OF THE OLD-TIME
MOVIE SERIALS, BEGAN HER DAREDEVIL
CAREER WITH A TRAVELING TROUPE
OF STAGE PLAYERS.

COPYRIGHT 1947
PARAMOUNT PICTURES

ONE NIGHT AFTER PEARL HAD FINISHED A SCENE
WITH HANDSOME MIKE FARRINGTON...

YOU RUINED THAT SCENE
WITH YOUR CLOWNING!

I'M NO GOOD, MIKE.
I'D BETTER LEAVE
THE PLAYERS.

YOU AND TIMMY HAVE
BEEN SWELL TO ME
ME, JULIA.

THIS ISN'T GOODBY,
PEARL. I'M GOING
WITH YOU!

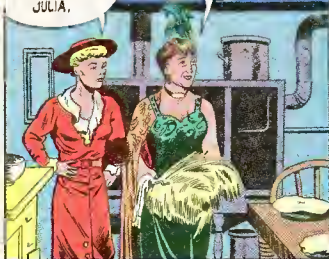
STAGE
ENTRANCE

NOW PLAYING
Pearl White
and Timmy

JULIA WAS FIRST TO GET A JOB—ACTING IN THE "FLICKERS"—AS THE FIRST MOVIES WERE CALLED.

IT'LL BE FUN SEEING YOU ON THE SCREEN, JULIA,

BUT THE STAGE IS SO MUCH NICER OH, WELL—



PEARL WATCHED AS THE CAMERAS BEGAN TO GRIND...

IT'S A SHAME TO THROW PIES AT A NICE GIRL LIKE THAT!

DIRECTOR'S ORDERS!



HEY, STOP THAT!



DON'T YOU DARE DO THAT TO MY JULIA!

TAKE IT EASY SISTER—I CAN USE YOUR ENERGY IN THE MOVIES!



AS A MOVIE ACTRESS, PEARL SOON BECAME FAMOUS IN A THRILLING SERIAL CALLED "PERILS OF PAULINE."



IN EACH EPISODE PEARL PERFORMED DEATH-DEFYING STUNTS...

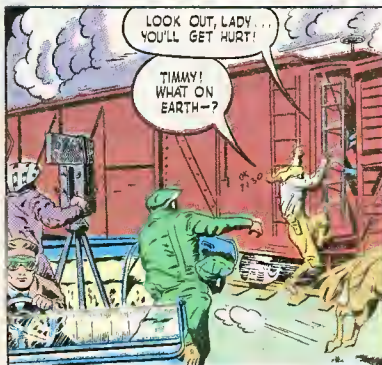
GOSH, WHAT A GAL!

I WONDER WHAT'LL HAPPEN TO HER NEXT WEEK?



LOOK OUT, LADY... YOU'LL GET HURT!

TIMMY! WHAT ON EARTH—?



WITH MIKE AS HER LEADING MAN, PEARL FELL IN LOVE WITH HIM. BUT THEY WERE SEPARATED WHEN MIKE ENLISTED IN WORLD WAR I.

AT WAR'S END, MIKE RETURNED TO THE STAGE. MEANWHILE...

I'M WASHED UP, JULIA. PEOPLE ARE TIRED OF MOVIE SERIALS. THEY WANT SOMETHING NEW.

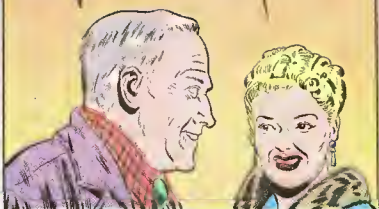
LET'S FORGET OUR TROUBLES IN EUROPE.



ONE DAY ON THE MOVIE LOT...

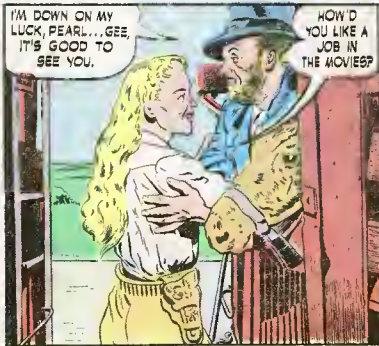
TOMORROW WE SHOOT THE SCENE WHERE YOU LEAP FROM A HORSE ONTO A SPEEDING FREIGHT TRAIN.

I'LL BE READY, BOSS!



I'M DOWN ON MY LUCK, PEARL... GEE, IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU.

HOW'D YOU LIKE A JOB IN THE MOVIES?



TIMMY BROUGHT PEARL AND MIKE TOGETHER AGAIN.

EN ROUTE TO FRANCE... YOU'LL BE TERRIFIC IN PARIS, PEARL.

DON'T WORRY. YOUR STUNTS WILL WOW THEM!



OPENING NIGHT AT THE CASINO DE PARIS...

A CABLEGRAM FROM MIKE!

GOOD OLD MIKE —
OOPS, YOU'RE
ON, PEARL!

IT'S YOUR SPINE, MISS
WHITE. YOU WON'T
WALK FOR TWO YEARS!

PLEASE
DON'T
TELL MIKE.
HE MUSN'T
KNOW.

THE ROPE'S
BREAKING!

SHE'LL
BE
KILLED!

SILLY! DON'T THE
STAR AND HER LEADING
MAN ALWAYS LIVE
HAPPILY EVER AFTER!

BUT MIKE FOUND OUT AND...

OH, MIKE, I WAS
AFRAID THAT —

EARN EXTRA MONEY - WIN VALUABLE PRIZES

This easy way!

When you find yourself running out of money before allowance days are due, if you've got your eye on some prized gadget or if you're wondering how to put your spare time to good use — HERE'S THE ANSWER.

Just get your friends and neighbors to read these swell magazines! There's PARENTS' MAGAZINE for mothers and dads and 7 swell publications for boys and girls of all ages. It's really easy as pie — you'll find that these magazines practically sell themselves because they mean wonderful reading for every member of the family.

HERE'S ALL YOU DO

Just clip and mail the coupon and we'll send you complete information about our two big profit plans and a descriptive catalogue of the super prizes that are yours for the winning... Big prizes like SCHWINN BUILT BICYCLES, EVERSHARP PEN AND PENCIL SETS, REGULATION FOOTBALLS, BASEBALL GLOVES and loads of others.

Mail the coupon NOW, and be the first in your neighborhood to sell these swell magazines.

JUNIOR SALES DIVISION

CAS-13

PARENTS' MAGAZINE PRESS, INC.
260 Fourth Ave., New York 10, N. Y.

Your plan to earn money and win prizes sounds good to me. Send along full information and a list of prizes so I can get going at once.

NAME _____ AGE _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

**MAIL
THIS**

**COUPON
100%**



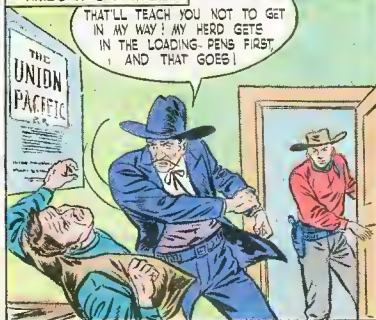
Tex Granger

ROUNDUP TIME IN RAILHEAD FINDS TWO HUGE HERDS COMING INTO TOWN—TEX GRANGER AT THE HEAD OF ONE DRIVE AND LUKE CONWAY DRIVING THE OTHER—WITH A GANG OF IMPORTED GUN-SLINGERS!



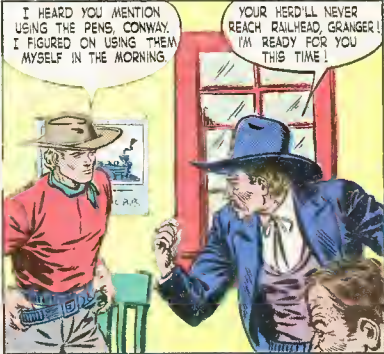
OUR STORY OPENS AT THE LOADING PENS IN ARIZONA CITY WHERE...

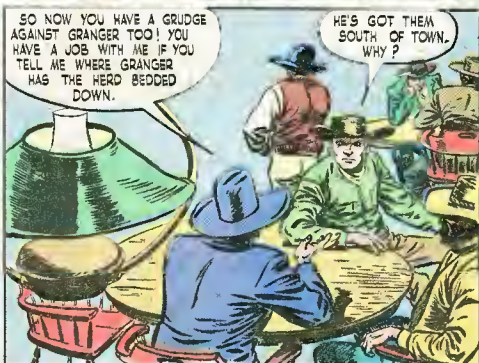
THAT'LL TEACH YOU NOT TO GET IN MY WAY! MY HERD GETS IN THE LOADING-PENS FIRST, AND THAT GOES!



I HEARD YOU MENTION USING THE PENS, CONWAY. I FIGURED ON USING THEM MYSELF IN THE MORNING.

YOUR HERD'LL NEVER REACH RAILHEAD, GRANGER! I'M READY FOR YOU THIS TIME!





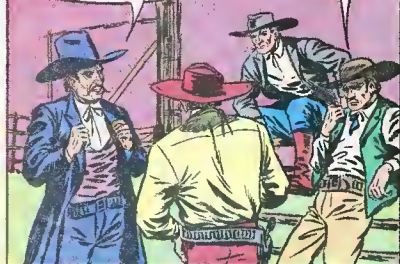




NEXT MORNING, LUKE AWAITS THE ARRIVAL OF HIS HERD AT THE LOADING DEPOT...

WELL, WE OUTSMARTED GRANGER THAT TIME. THINK YOU BOYS CAN DOWN GRANGER WHEN I GIVE THE WORD?

THAT'S ALL I'M WAITING FOR, BOSS.



QUIET, HERE'S GRANGER NOW.

SO YOU STAMPEDED THE HERD, CONWAY! I GUESS I SHOULD'VE EXPECTED THAT.

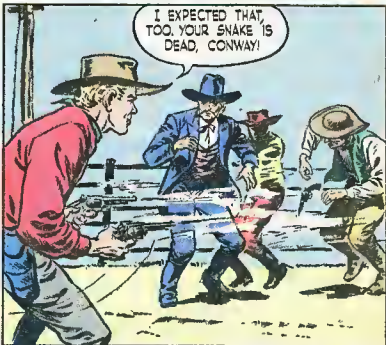


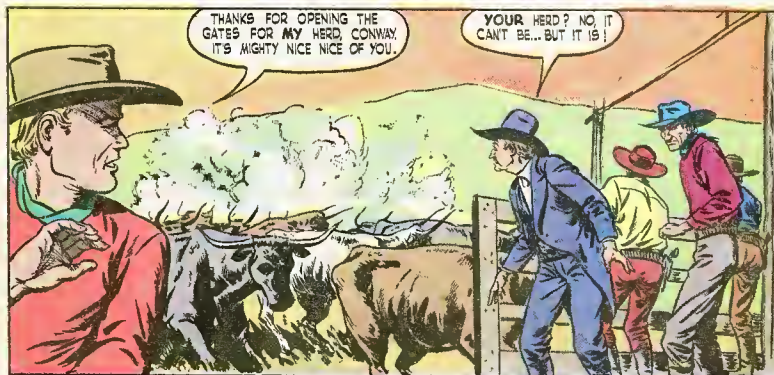
YOU'LL TRIP YOURSELF UP ONE OF THESE DAYS, CONWAY!

YOU'RE TRIPPED UP ALREADY, GRANGER—TAKE HIM, SNAKE!



I EXPECTED THAT, TOO. YOUR SNAKE IS DEAD, CONWAY!

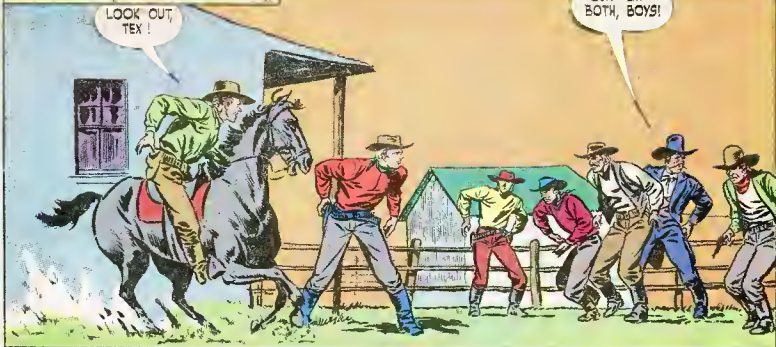




BUT JUST THEN, JIM COLLINS ARRIVES...

LOOK OUT,
TEX!

GUN 'EM
BOTH, BOYS!



GET GRANGER,
... UUGH!

NOT TODAY,
LUKE!



THIS IS YOUR WORK,
YOU DOUBLE-CROSSING
RAT. YOU SOLD
ME OUT!

NOT ME, CONWAY!
I'VE BEEN WORKING
FOR TEX GRANGER
RIGHT ALONG! TELL
HIM TEX.



JIM AND I STAGED THAT
FIGHT FOR YOUR BENEFIT,
CONWAY. WE GOT OUR
HERD OUT OF THE WAY
AND YOU STAMPEDED
YOUR OWN CATTLE.

NOW, GET OUT OF THIS
PART OF THE COUNTRY,
CONWAY, AND STAY OUT!



IF THERE'S
TROUBLE IN
ARIZONA CITY,
YOU CAN
COUNT ON
TEX GRANGER
TO MAKE
THINGS RIGHT.
DON'T MISS
THE NEXT
TEX GRANGER
ADVENTURE!



It's really great to see so many letters coming in every day from CAB's Correspondents' Club members. Keep them coming! Here are some of the choice items we just received.

Golf Goofy

Down here my friends and I are starting to give our fathers stiff competition on the golf links. After games we go for "highway pups"—frankfurters to you!

Correspondent Jerry Doochin,
16, Nashville, Tennessee

Come Again, Please

Aga-aga boo or Aga-boo boo-Aga is our new way of saying hello.

Correspondent Richard Rivet,
10, Bay City, Michigan

News From India

I am a faithful reader of CAB. It helps improve relations between youths of different countries. The stories are good, but how about more mysteries? My hobbies are stamps and hiking. I've climbed 17,000 feet high in the Himalayas.

Riaz Hussain Khan,
Ichhra, Lahore, India

Radio Fans. Copy!

I have just joined the WTAG Radio Club for Worcester County high school students. There are study groups for each phase of radio work, and soon we will produce our own programs.

Correspondent Freddie Babbitt,
16, Worcester, Massachusetts

Well, Correspondents?

Mail Call is one of CAB's best features. I wrote to several of the fellas who have had letters published. What about an answer, boys?

Correspondent Gerald Windham,
15, Rienzi, Mississippi

Watch for more interesting Correspondents' reports in the next big issue of "Calling All Boys!"

YOU'RE A MAGICIAN!

Here are two magic tricks you can do to amuse and amaze your friends

THE DISSOLVING COIN

THE dissolving coin trick can be really effective, but it takes practice to do well. Give it a try.

A coin, placed beneath a handkerchief, is dropped into a glass containing a little water. The magician says he made the coin dissolve, but when he lifts the cloth it is still there.

Pretending to be disturbed, he takes some "dissolving powder" from his pocket, sprinkles it in the water and again covers the glass with the handkerchief. This time he asks someone in his audience to hold the glass and handkerchief while he puts a rubber band around the rim.

In a few moments, the magician announces the powder's work is done. The helper removes the cloth and—the coin is gone!

Here's how it's done, prestidigitator. Before dropping the coin from within the handkerchief, tilt the glass backward so the coin hits the outside of the glass, landing in the bend of the fingers. Then simply slide the glass over the coin.

When you remove the cloth to show that the coin is still there, make sure the people look straight down at it. Because of the refraction of water, it will appear to be inside, not outside, of the glass.

The dissolving powder is used just as byplay. How do you get rid of the coin? Just drop it in your pocket when you reach for the rubber band!



The coin stays outside



Subjects look straight down.

MENTAL MYSTERY

Your friends will call you a mental telepathist after you solve this mystery of the six cardboard discs.

Show your subject that each disc has two different-colored sides. Now, without looking, tell him to take any disc, note the color of one side, and find another disc with the same color. This he places over the first so the same colors are face to face. Then he repeats the procedure, using the newly upturned color of the second disc for matching. This process continues until all the discs are stacked.

If the subject can't find a mate for any color, he turns the stack over and pairs up the color that then appears on top. The stack of six completed, he concentrates on the two colors that remain, the one on top and the other on the bottom. You, of course, name the two colors immediately!

Make the six discs and color the sides of each as follows: Red—Green; Green—Blue; Blue—Black; Black—Yellow; Yellow—Orange; Orange—Yellow.

No matter how many times the discs are stacked the way described, the top and bottom will always be red and black—just as you called it!




Put same colors face to face.



Red and black always remain.

HIGH SWAMP

By JIM CHAPMAN



When Kulat the wolverine picked his prey, it was as good as dead . . . and this night he had chosen fleet-footed Waba the rabbit

Madly, he tore the wolverine's face with his hooked talons.

The light of the setting sun flashed and gleamed from a score of snowy crags. The white peaks stretched away into the hazy distance, their dazzling brilliance in sharp contrast to the blue and purple slopes which lay below.

They were wild beyond compare, these mighty Selkirks of British Columbia, beautiful and unchanged since the beginning of the history of the human race.

On a high sheltered ledge there was a movement as Kulat, the

wolverine, uncurled and stood up. He was a restless animal by nature, continually traveling from place to place, but usually on a similar route. Kulat stretched like a dog, flexed his stubby legs, then walked to where he could see into



Waba the rabbit hopped cautiously from his hiding place.

the darkening basin below him.

The snowy slope dropped away to where evergreens rose in a thick mass from the basin floor. Kulat gazed at them through the falling light. He knew it to be a swamp and there he would secure his evening meal. Now he ambled along the snowy ledge and began to hurry downward. He was a large brown animal with two wide white stripes down his back like a skunk, but he was fully five times as large and much broader.

In the swamp below, Waba the snowshoe rabbit hopped cautiously from his hiding place beneath the upturned roots of a big fallen tamarack. He sat listening to the faint sounds of the woods, his leaf-like ears turning this way and that to funnel in any hint of danger. His round black eyes seldom lowered to the snowy ground, but watched the sky tensely. His dreaded enemy, the great horned owl, would by this time have begun to hunt.

The owl had come two moons before, a great brown shadow which drifted over the swamp on velvet wings. Every night he killed, striking down one of Waba's companions of the High Swamp. Only the most cunning and sharp-witted rabbits survived.

Now their numbers were small and the nightly struggle had become a desperate thing for each of them.

Waba watched the moon come up from behind the mountain. It lit the clearings among the giant spruces and made the frost on the evergreen branches sparkle like stars. The feathery silence of the night was only broken by the distant gurgling of water as it trickled beneath the snow from a spring higher on the slope.

The owl went by, its big round head peering about, sharp horns silhouetted against the starlit sky. Waba crouched perfectly still, the fur of his back tingling as he remembered how close the sharp grasping talons had come on two previous occasions. Now he was wise. He'd learned that it was only safe to venture into the open in search of food after the owl had its evening meal.

Three times in the next half hour the owl went by but Waba remained where he was, looking like another white mound of snow. He knew that the owl's eyes were keen and its hearing keener. It could hunt on the darkest of nights, locating its victims through an uncanny sense of sound. Waba took no chances.

Suddenly from up the swamp Waba heard the terrified nasal screams of some rabbit less cautious than himself. The cries continued for a dozen seconds, then ceased abruptly. Waba shivered. He waited till the moon climbed past the tip of a towering pine, then hopped out of the swamp and across an open space to the willow thickets. Waba knew that the owl of High Swamp would not kill again that night, and it would not move far unless some strange owl came hunting. In that case he would angrily drive the intruder from his domain.

The willows were bare-limbed and Waba could see beneath them. He had other enemies: the lynx, the coyote, the fisher, and even the cougar who did not object to an occasional feast on tender rabbit meat. Waba had more than once escaped from these hunters. Caution and a head start were required, then he could reach the deadfall tangles in the swamp and be safe.

The snow spread like a silver sheet around him. It seemed empty and harmless. Waba reached his favorite willow clump, looked about cautiously, then stood on his hind legs. With his forepaws he pulled down a tender branch and nipped six inches off the tip. He settled down to eat, beginning at the tender end. Waba stopped often to listen, look about, and test the air. Other rabbits had come to the willows. He could hear the rasping of their teeth as they ate. One of them was less than fifty yards away.

The moon climbed higher and the shadows of the willows grew shorter. Waba had almost satisfied his appetite on the tender twigs and bark when he saw a dark shadow emerge from the swamp. He could see at a glance that it wasn't any usual enemy. This creature was low, brown and broad. Slowly Waba sank down upon the snow and folded his ears, fear growing with him. Only one creature could answer the description of the animal now stealthily approaching over the snow—Kulat, the wolverine! This killer visited but rarely, yet when he came a wave of terror swept the High Swamp.

Kulat's deadliness lay in his stubborn determination. Waba had seen him take up a rabbit's trail and follow it, spurning all others, until his chosen victim

fell from exhaustion. Kulat was not swift but when he picked his prey it was doomed. It was this which struck such terror to the hearts of the furry dwellers in High Swamp.

Now Kulat advanced over the crusted snow, straight toward him, as though following an invisible line. Waba knew that he'd been seen. He leapt up and fled, darting through the willows like an arrow of white, circling back toward the swamp. The wolverine began to follow. He ran at a lumbering lope.

Waba reached the swamp at the upper side, leapt a snowfilled gully, and plunged into a tangle of windfallen trees. On the further

lent, as though it was holding its breath while Kulat the killer was in its heart. Overhead the moon shone brightly. Water gurgled from the spring. A coyote howled. Waba's breathing became more normal and his heart ceased to pound. The minutes passed. Perhaps he had managed to throw the deadly hunter off his trail.

Then faintly, like branches blown together by the wind, came the sound of footfalls! They grew louder until out of the trees, his nose on Waba's tracks, came Kulat, traveling at his steady lope!

Waba fled in panic, taking great bounds to gather speed, Kulat didn't alter his pace but loped after him like an unavoidable



Kulat was closer now and Waba saw his green eyes flashing in the moonlight.

side he turned sharply and cut through a copse of young cedar mixed with spindly tangled willows. On the further side he plunged beneath the great towering spruce which shut off the moonlight by the denseness of their branches. Here the snow was not crusted and below lay the cushion softness of moss. He made another complete circle on the further end of the swamp, deliberately criss-crossing over his own tracks. Then, winding his way through the most impenetrable thickets, he made his way back to the big fallen tamarack near the edge of the swamp. A few yards from the entrance he stopped to listen.

The swamp was strangely si-

lence, as though he was holding its breath while Kulat the killer was in its heart. Overhead the moon shone brightly. Water gurgled from the spring. A coyote howled. Waba's breathing became more normal and his heart ceased to pound. The minutes passed. Perhaps he had managed to throw the deadly hunter off his trail.

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Waba fled in panic, taking great bounds to gather speed, Kulat didn't alter his pace but loped after him like an unavoidable

This time he fled blindly, terror rising within him until it made him weak. His pursuer was so re-

Advertisements

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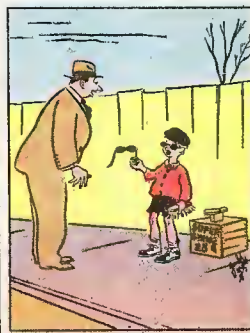
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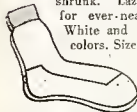
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 with unique *Fetheredsole*

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in these new Athletic Sox with
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for ever-neat appearance.
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 a pair in
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departments.

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plaids, stripes and solid
tones—sizes 6 to 13—
at 39c, 49c, 55c and 65c.

Springfoot Sox
FOR BOYS FROM SIX TO SIXTY

 lentless; so confident that he
would win. Kulat was closer now
and Waba saw his green eyes
flashing in the moonlight and his
long white fangs. He loomed
closer, like a huge porcupine in a
hurry. To Waba the sight of him
was a thousand times more ter-
rible than any lynx or coyote had
ever been. His terror made him
stiff and his legs began to drag.

 Suddenly Kulat clicked his teeth
and increased his speed. He could
do it safely now that the chase
was almost done.

 Waba leapt forward and a faint
nasal scream broke from his
throat. He ducked through a
thicket of small cedars and
plunged under the shadowy pines.
The wolverine was almost upon
him and he screamed again. He
ducked sharply to one side, Ku-
lat's breath hot on his heels, then
he plunged in the opposite direc-
tion. His scream became a ter-
rified wail when Kulat's teeth
plucked fur from his tail.

 Then he heard a faint swishing
sound overhead and a hoot of
anger. A snarl broke from Kulat.
Waba looked back.

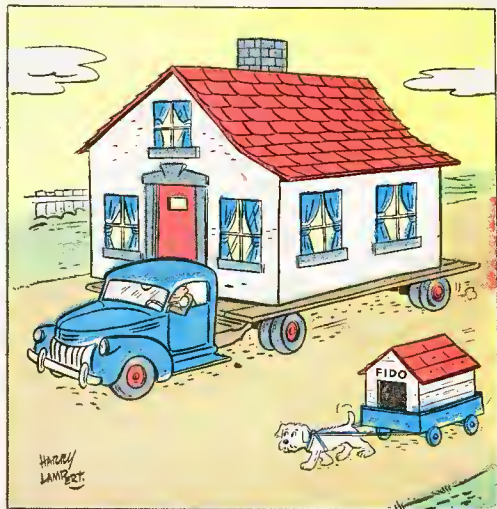
 The owl of High Swamp had
dropped upon Kulat, mistaking
him no doubt for one of his

 winged rivals. He was tearing at
the wolverine's face with his tal-
ons and Kulat in turn had seized
one of the owl's wings in his teeth.
Waba waited to see no more. He
raced on, plunging into the near-
est tangle of deadfall, and began
to pant.

 For a few moments hoots and
snarls shattered the peaceful quiet
of the swamp. Then Waba heard
only the crunching of bones. He
waited, quivering with fear, ex-
pecting every moment to see Ku-
lat on his trail. But the wolverine
didn't come.

 It was almost dawn before Wa-
ba moved. He crept slowly from
his hiding place, one hop at a
time, listening, wrinkling his nose
and gazing about.

 The moon had gone and it
was black under the spruce. But
it was light enough for him
to see that only a heap of
feathers remained where Kulat
had killed the owl. From there
the wolverine's tracks left the
swamp, following his usual route
toward the opposite side of the
basin.

 Waba kicked up his heels and
hopped back to his bed among the
roots of the big tamarack.


THE ADVENTURES OF

"BIGBRAIN BILLY"

THE SMARTEST BOY
IN THE WORLD

BIGBRAIN BILLY PUTS SCIENCE ON HIS SIDE, AS HE CHALLENGES THE RUTHLESS ROBBERS OF MIDVALE'S CITY TREASURY IN "THE CASE OF THE HIDDEN EYE."



AS OUR STORY STARTS, BILLY IS ON AN ERRAND FOR HIS MOTHER....

PHONE, BILLY! IT'S MAYOR HARTLEY.

FOR ME?



I'VE BEEN CALLING ALL OVER TOWN FOR YOU, BILLY. COME TO MY OFFICE RIGHT AWAY. I NEED YOUR HELP!

YES, SIR.



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

AND THAT'S THE STORY, BILLY. IT'S ONLY AN UNDERWORLD RUMOR, BUT IF THE CITY TREASURY IS ROBBED, IT CAN BE DONE IN ONLY ONE OF TWO WAYS...

HOW, YOUR HONOR?

BY CROOKS GETTING A COPY OF THE SECRET ALARM SYSTEM, OR BY THERE BEING A FLAW IN THAT SYSTEM. I'M CALLING A SPECIAL MEETING OF THE CITY COUNCIL.

WHAT CAN I DO TO HELP, SIR?

I WISH I KNEW. CAN YOU SUGGEST A PLACE TO MEET?

MMM — HOW ABOUT THE LARGE ROOM BEHIND THE X-RAY LAB AT CITY HOSPITAL? NO ONE WOULD SUSPECT IT.

BY GOLLY YOU'RE RIGHT, BILLY. I'LL CALL THE MEETING RIGHT AWAY!

FINE! SEE YOU LATER, YOUR HONOR.

THAT'S A KID FOR YOU. WALKS OUT WHEN YOU NEED HIM MOST. I COULD HAVE DECIDED WHERE TO HAVE THE BLASTED MEETING MYSELF.

BILLY, MEANWHILE, GOES DIRECTLY TO CITY HOSPITAL.

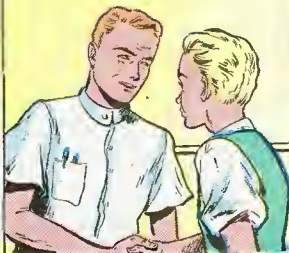
WELL! BIGBRAIN BILLY IN PERSON. GOT ANY MORE FROGS YOU WANT X-RAYED?

NOT THIS TIME, DOC, BUT I DO NEED YOUR HELP



LATER...

IT'S A FANTASTIC IDEA, BILLY, BUT I'LL STRING ALONG...PROVIDING YOU RESTRICT YOURSELF ALONG THE LINES I MENTIONED.

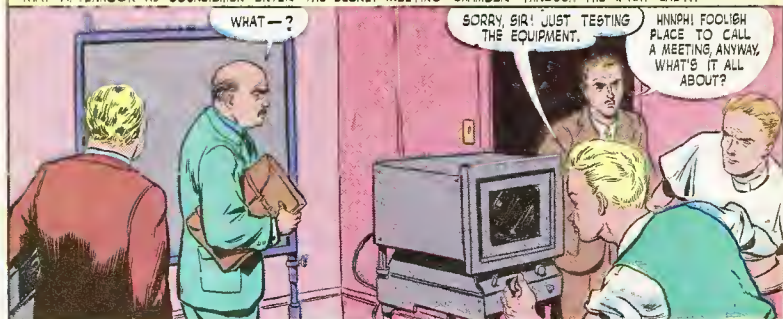


THAT AFTERNOON AS COUNCILMEN ENTER THE SECRET MEETING CHAMBER THROUGH THE X-RAY LAB...

WHAT—?

SORRY, SIR! JUST TESTING THE EQUIPMENT.

WHNPH! FOOLISH PLACE TO CALL A MEETING, ANYWAY, WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT?



AS THE MEETING PROGRESSES...

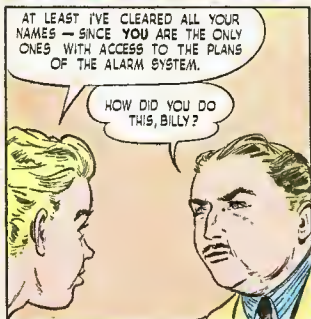
HAVE YOU ALL STUDIED THE ALARM PLANS?

YES, YOUR HONOR THERE ARE NO FLAWS THAT WE CAN FIND.



EXCUSE ME, YOUR HONOR. A YOUNG MAN WISHES TO SPEAK TO THE ASSEMBLY—SAYS IT'S VERY IMPORTANT.





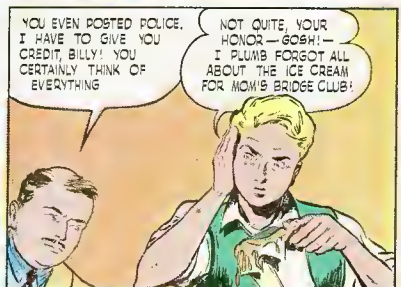
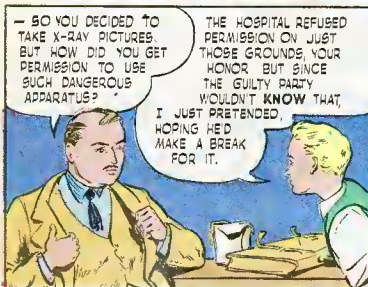
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But good, hey, gang?

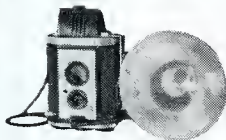


... really cooking when he made these snaps, wasn't he?

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ADVENTURES of "R.C." and QUICKIE

DRAMA ON THE HIGHWAY!

THAT WAS A TIGHT GAME—I NEVER THOUGHT WE'D WIN!

YEAH! BUT AFTER YOU DRANK THAT BOTTLE OF ROYAL CROWN COLA YOUR FAST BALL MOWED 'EM DOWN

SAY, DON'T YOU FELLOWS TALK ABOUT ANYTHING BUT BASEBALL—LOOK AT THAT MOON

LOOK AT THAT TRUCK! HE MUST BE DOING ABOUT 70!

AND LOOK AT THAT CAR—THE COPS MUST BE AFTER HIM!

HEY, LOOK—HI-JACKERS!

DON'T STOP "R.C." LET'S GET OUT OF HERE

THERE'S ONLY TWO HI-JACKERS—COME ON

SH-H! THEY'VE GOT GUNS. YOU GALS BETTER STAY HERE AND KEEP DOWN

I'VE GOT A BALL, QUICKIE. LOOK OUT! I'M GOING TO BEAN ONE OF THEM!

A BOTTLE OF ROYAL CROWN COLA IF YOU DO

A FEW MINUTES LATER "R.C." AND QUICKIE PASS A SIDE ROAD. THEY SEE THE SAME TRUCK AND CAR....AND A MAN WITH A GUN



NICE GOING, FELLOWS! YOU GOT HIS GUN AND WE'LL GET THESE TWO THUGS TO THE SHERIFF!

AND THESE BOYS SAVED ME, SHERIFF!

NICE WORK, BOYS. YOU DESERVE A REWARD!

MAN THIS ROYAL CROWN COLA IS ALL THE REWARD I WANT

YOU SAID IT QUICKIE! IT'S THE ONLY COLA THAT'S BEST BY TASTE-TEST

WILLIAM BOYD STAR OF THE HOPALONG CASSIDY SERIES, SAYS:

RIGHT YOU ARE! RC DOES TASTE BEST

William Boyd took the cola taste-test—picked Royal Crown Cola best-tasting. Try it! Say, "R.C. for me!" That's the quick way to get a quick-up with a frosty bottle of Royal Crown Cola—best by taste-test!

ROYAL CROWN COLA

Best by taste-test

